

ZATANNA
“Wingman”
Beechen
4/29/11

PAGE ONE

PANEL ONE

Splash. Full body shots of ZATANNA (in costume) on the left, ZACHARY ZATARA (in tux) on the right. They're on stage, in the spotlight, bowing at the waist, but looking out at the unseen audience. Zatanna has a genuine smile on her face, Zach a self-impressed smirk. If you want to go nuts, and if there's room behind them, you might want to show some magic props, the crazier and the funnier the better – a human-sized armoire with its doors open to show a bunch of swords run through it, a cage on a pedestal packed to bursting with doves, a live elephant dressed as a cowboy...I leave it to you, Jamal!

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it one more time for the magical magnificence of Zatanna and Zachary Zatara!

ZATANNA (whispered): I'm going to kill you.

ZACHARY (whispered): Blah blah blah.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

Zatanna pursues Zach into the wings off the stage, past a stage manager speaking into a headset while stage crew head the other way to remove to props. The curtain is closing on the stage behind them.

ZATANNA: You blew **three cues** out there **and** left me holding the bag!

ZATANNA: **Literally!** The bag with the **rabbits!**

PANEL TWO

Coming toward us down the corridor of the theater, Zach in front, smirking blithely, Zatanna stomping after him, royally pissed. Theater personnel move past them going the other way.

ZATANNA: Your **stagecraft** is **abysmal!** Your **professionalism** is **nowhere!**

ZACH: Tell it to the **standing ovation** back there.

PANEL THREE

Behind them now as Zach shoulders through a door emblazoned "Stage Door," Zee still on his tail.

ZATANNA: That's not the **point**, Zach! The point is you're not taking this **seriously!**

ZATANNA: You don't take **anything** seriously!

PANEL FOUR

Outside, in the alley beside the theater. There's a crowd of autograph seekers, both sexes, a couple dressed in costumes similar to the magicians (a couple of those shouldn't be in costume, if you get my drift). Zach gestures, magic sparklies around his hand, and the pad of paper in one girl's hands suddenly bears a Zachary Zatara autograph in process.

ZACHARY: Nope. And I'm making a pretty **sweet living** at it.

ZACHARY: You're my **cousin**, Zee, not my **dad**. Or **your** dad. No one gives a **rip** about a few overlooked details.

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

Zach piles into the back of a waiting stretch limo, Zee preparing to follow him in, still angry.

ZATANNA: You may want to **rethink** that, **especially** given the kinds of trouble **our** family attracts!

ZACHARY: I'll put it **tops** on my to-do list. **Tomorrow morning.**

PANEL TWO

Zee climbs in to keep yelling at him. Zatarra, already seated, rolls his eyes.

ZATANNA: This conversation isn't even **half** over, Zach!

PANEL THREE

The limo speeds down the city street, other nighttime traffic whizzing past.

ZATANNA (inside limo): Your **inattention** to the **finer points** could get someone around you **killed** someday!

ZATANNA (inside limo): Or get **you** killed!

PANEL FOUR

Outside a trendy nightclub, with a line of people waiting to get in behind a velvet rope, and two bouncers outside the door. Zach is out of the limo walking to the entrance, Zatananna behind him, still so angry, she hasn't paid attention to their location.

ZATANNA: There's a world **outside** of you, Zach! For **everyone's** benefit, you better –

PANEL FIVE

Close on Zatananna, turned profile, expression surprised. The background isn't the outside nighttime of the city, but multicolored.

ZATANNA: -- Wait. Where **are** we?

ZACHARY (off-panel): Oh, were you too **angry** to pay attention to **detail**, Zee? Tsk.

PAGES FOUR AND FIVE

PANEL ONE

Double spread. Angle from above, showing the dance floor of an ultra-hip nightclub for the young and fabulous. Multi-colored lights bathe the dancers. Everyone's good-looking and loaded with attitude. Sexy go-go dancers on platforms overlooking the dance floor. On the left of the spread is the entrance. On the right of the spread is the bar, patrons packed three-deep, talking, posing, trying to get the attention of the scantily-clad bartenders. Zatanna and Zach are making their way left to right across the dance floor. Zach's smiling, shaking hands with some dude, kissing a pretty girl on the cheek. Zatanna's continuing to look around in horror.

ZACHARY: We're at my **after-hours office**.

ZACHARY: Feel free to keep **lecturing**. I'll pick up every **twelfth sentence** between songs.

TITLE: WINGMAN

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PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Zatanna squeezes her eyes shut and presses her hands over her ears, gritting her teeth.

ZATANNA: **Aagh!** “**Oonce**” music! I **hate** “oonce” music!

ZACHARY (off-panel): It’s called “**house**” music, cuz.

PANEL TWO

Widen. They’re at the bar now, Zach flagging down a pretty bartender, with Zatanna behind him, hands still over her ears. Starstruck patrons flank them.

ZATANNA: Does the beat go “**house-house-house-house?**” **No!**

ZATANNA: It goes “**oonce-oonce-oonce-oonce,**” over and over again! It’s like **water torture!**

PANEL THREE

Zach turns from the bar to her, drink in hand, smile on his face, extending another drink to her.

ZACHARY: Would somebody rather be at **home** with a roomful of **cats**, curled up under a **comforter**, reading a **romance novel?**

ZACHARY: Getting a little **old** for nights out?

PANEL FOUR

Reverse angle, as she swipes the drink from him, liquid spilling over the edge.

ZATANNA: **Give** me that!

ZATANNA: And **don’t** change the **subject!**

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

On Zatanna, looking up at the ceiling, holding her drink, exasperated beyond exasperated. Two male dancers boogie in front of and in back of her, vying for her attention.

ZATANNA: This is a **perfect** example of what I'm talking about!

ZATANNA: You're in such a **hurry** to get to –

PANEL TWO

Same shot, same angle. Now the guys are grinding up lasciviously against her, "Night at the Roxbury"-style. Zatanna looks horrified, raising her drink above them, trying not to spill – or touch the guys.

ZATANNA: -- **Ew!** Ew ew ew ew **ew!** **Ew!**

ZATANNA: **Ocsid stekcaj vero sodeeps!**

PANEL THREE

Zatanna hurries to the right, out of panel, head tipped back as she drinks her drink. Behind her, she leaves the two guys, now wearing wide-labeled white jackets, purple swim trunks – and nothing else. They're stuck in mid-pose, staring out at us with wide eyes. They're both very, very hairy. People in the background point and laugh.

ZATANNA (small type): Oh my God, get me another three of these, quick...!

PANEL FOUR

Zatanna reaches the bar, but there's no sign of Zachary. She looks left and right.

ZATANNA (small type): Zach? **Zach?!**

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Close on Zatanna, brow furrowed in anger, teeth gritted.

ZATANNA: Okay, Zatanna, stop being the **good**, only-slightly-older cousin...Give him 'til the count of **three**, then teleport yourself **home**...

ZATANNA: ...**burn** the comforter and the romance novels...

PANEL TWO

Behind Zatanna, looking over her shoulder further down the bar, where she can see Zach talking to a tall, thin, gorgeous young Japanese woman (YUKI-ONNA), who meets his gaze with no hint of intimidation whatsoever.

Reference: <http://www.google.com/search?client=safari&rls=en&q=yuki-onna&ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8>

ZATANNA: ...and rent yourself a **movie**, or...

YUKI-ONNA (small type): ...Actually, I've been coming here a **lot**, lately, and I've noticed **you** here every time...

PANEL THREE

Medium on Zach and the girl, Zach puffing up with false modesty.

ZACH: Well, there **are** people who'd tell you this place is so popular **because** Zachary Zatara comes here, but I think they're just trying to make me feel **good** about myself...

ZACH: ...I'm really very **shy**, you see...

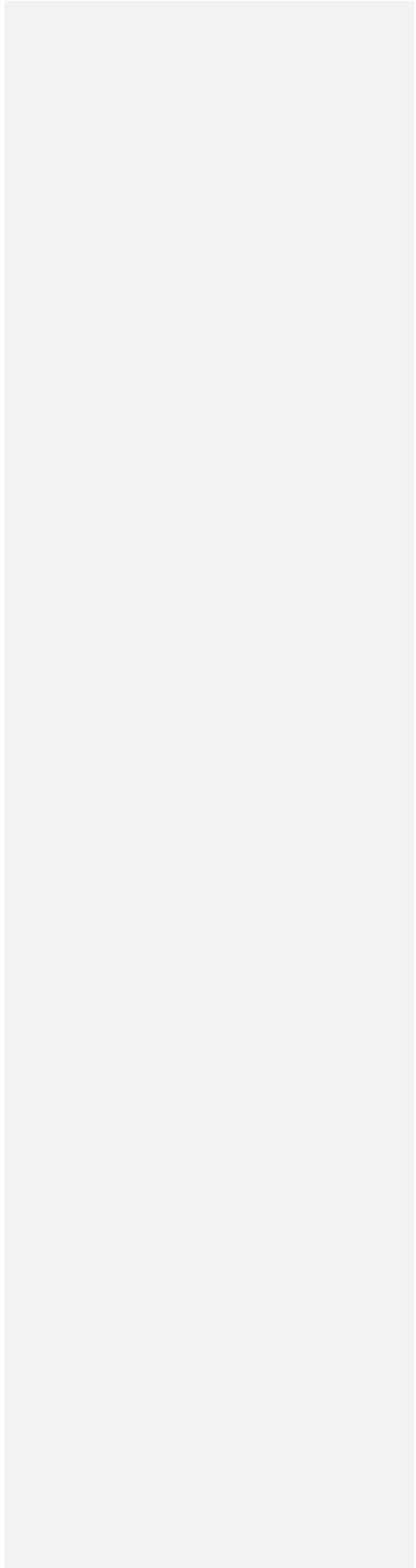
PANEL FOUR

Widen slightly as Zatanna storms up, looking square at Zach. Zach gestures to her, half-smiling at Yuki-Onna. Yuki-Onna recoils a bit, looking at Zee with fear and revulsion.

ZATANNA: **Hey!** Can you get your creep on **after** I'm done yelling at you?!

ZACH: Allow me to introduce my **much** older cousin, Zatanna. Poor thing almost **never** gets out of the house. I brought her here as a **charity case**, really.

YUKI-ONNA (small type): *Hrrr...*



PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Yuki-Onna starts dragging Zach away by the hand, leaving Zatanna to turn and walk the other way.

YUKI-ONNA: Nice meeting you.

YUKI-ONNA: Zachary, let's go somewhere more **private**, hm?

ZACHARY: Anything you say...uh, what **is** your name, anyway?

ZATANNA: **Fine!** I'm going **home!** This is like talking to a **brick wall in a tux!**

PANEL TWO

Close on Zatanna coming toward us, pulling up short, eyes wide. Behind her, we can see the crowd closing around Zach and Yuki-Onna as she leads him deeper into the club.

YUKI-ONNA: My name is **Yuki**.

YUKI-ONNA: **Yuki-Onna**.

ZATANNA (small type): What?

PANEL THREE

Zatanna whirls, shoving aside perturbed dancers.

ZATANNA: **Zachary!**

PANEL FOUR

Zatanna shoves her way through the crowd, attracting more irked attention. She's growing more panicked.

ZATANNA: **Zachary!**

PANEL FIVE

Zatanna pushes through to a relatively clear space, looking in fear and revulsion at something off-panel.

ZATANNA: **Za -**

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Splash. Behind and over Zatanna's shoulder as she looks at Yuki-Onna and Zach embrace before her. Zach's torso is bent back at almost a ninety-degree angle, and his eyes are blank. Yuki's face has morphed into a giant mouth that looks like a lamprey sucker and no apparent eyes. From out of it comes a grotesque tendril that snakes into Zach's mouth and down his throat. There are dancers all around, but no one seems to pay the goings-on any mind. (NOTE: From here on, Yuki-Onna's dialogue is Japanese-stylized)

YUKI-ONNA: Hsssss...

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

On Zatanna, her hand to her face in a “not again” posture.

ZATANNA (small type): Why can't he just go to **magicmate.com** like **other** single sorcerers...?

PANEL TWO

Adjust angle so now we see that there's no longer a tendril down Zach's throat, but tendrils extend from her to Zach's appendages, so he's suspended in front of Yuki-Onna like a puppet, facing Zatanna. Yuki-Onna will maintain those tendrils until Zatanna shreds them later (although now her face is back to that of a beautiful Japanese woman).

ZATANNA: Okay, Yuki-Onna...I don't suppose there's **any** chance you'll just go back to **Japanese mythology** like a **good** little succubus...?

YUKI-ONNA: You're **amusing**, daughter of Zatar...

PANEL THREE

Widen as Zach mimics Yuki-Onna's gesture and Zatanna is suddenly swallowed up by the light-up dance floor. Again, no one's paying any attention. (NOTE: From here until he's freed, Zach's dialogue is slightly stylized)

YUKI-ONNA: ...but with the **boy's** power added to my own, why should I go **anywhere**?

YUKI-ONNA: **Especially** when **your** might is here for the taking as well?

ZACHARY: **Roof esir pu ot flugne reh.**

PANEL FOUR

Angle on Zatanna as the floor dissolves to a pile of dust around her feet as she gestures confidently.

ZATANNA: **Roof yaced.**

ZATANNA: You'll have to do better than **that**, Yuki.

PANEL FIVE

Yuki-Onna turns, Zatara whirling with her to remain in front of her, as she turns to the dancing, still oblivious, patrons.

YUKI-ONNA: And I **shall**, Zatanna. For while my magic **masks** our actions from those around us, our fellow patrons remain **more** than susceptible to **attack**.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Close on Zach, eyes blank, not in control of his actions – or his spells.

ZACH: **Enacirruh sdniv.**

PANEL TWO

Frantic, Zatanna reaches out a hand as she incants:

ZATANNA: **Elbbub esolcne meht!**

PANEL THREE

A half-dome of eldritch energy appears in the center of the dance floor, with Yuki and Zach obscured within by whirling winds. Zatanna looks on.

SFX: SSFFFWOOOSSSHHHHH

ZATANNA (thinking): That won't **hurt** Yuki-Onna...**or** Zach, but it'll buy me time to **clear the decks...**

PANEL FOUR

Zatanna's hand pulls a fire alarm.

SFXL BBBBRRNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

The dancers, panicked, rush past Zatanna out the door, including the two guys in disco jackets and speedos, who run alongside a pretty, if horrified woman.

ZATANNA: **That's** it, nice and orderly, no trampling...

DISCO GUY 1 (small type): Get yer number...?

DISCO GUY 2 (small type): Get yer number...?

PANEL TWO

On Yuki-Onna and Zach, lying in mirror positions on the dance floor. Yuki-Onna's hair is mussed, and she looks pissed.

YUKI-ONNA: Ordinarily, I am a creature of the **snows**...But **fire**...Why **not**?

ZACHARY: **Erif rednu reh teef.**

PANEL THREE

Zatanna leaps acrobatically up, over, and to the side of a plume of flames that erupt out of the dance floor.

ZATANNA (thinking): Have to wrap this up **fast**, before the **fire department** shows up and she uses **them** as **human shields**...

ZATANNA (thinking): Trying to fight Yuki-Onna with **Zach** as her "**bodyguard**" is hard **enough**.

SFX: FFASSSHHH

PANEL FOUR

Close on Zatanna, thinking, looking pressed.

ZATANNA (thinking): I can't get to her **through** Zach because our powers don't work on **living** things - **besides** the fact I don't want to **hurt** my horn-dog cousin...

ZATANNA (thinking): I'm just gonna have to **outflank** her.

ZATANNA (thinking): Which means using the items **at hand**.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Widen as Zatanna gestures, and the lights of the club – multi-colored – flare to unnatural brilliance. Yuki-Onna recoils.

ZATANNA: **Bulc sthgil eralf...Dnilb ym oef!**

YUKI-ONNA: **Aaaiieeee!**

PANEL TWO

Close on Yuki-Onna looking up, sparkles near her eyes and her dazed expression indicating she's still blinded somewhat. A shadow falls over her.

ZATANNA (off-panel): **Gniggir llaf!**

PANEL THREE

Heavy rigging (lights, speakers) fall from above on Yuki-Onna. Zach is spared, but the tendrils remain from him leading under the wreckage.

SFX: KA-RASSHHH

PANEL FOUR

Angle as Zatanna comes rushing at Yuki-Onna, who's on her hands and knees in the middle of the debris, some of it still on her back.

ZATANNA: **Lespid –**

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

Yuki-Onna sweeps her hand in a backhand arc, as does Zach in front of her (in mirror position), and a blast of energy from Zach's hand slams into Zatanna, knocking her back off her feet.

YUKI-ONNA: **RrrrrraAAH!**

SFX: SHHRAKK

PANEL TWO

Yuki-Onna brushes hair from her face, looking murderous.

YUKI-ONNA: It's women like **you**...

YUKI-ONNA: ...who turn succubi like **me**...

YUKI-ONNA: ...off of **women!**

PANEL THREE

Wide. Yuki-Onna raises her hands above her head, as does Zach before her, and bolts of mystic energy strike Zatanna on the ground, as though she were an ER patient getting the defib paddles, her whole body spasming.

SFX: K-KOOO0MM

ZATANNA: **Aaaaaaaa!!!**

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Close on Zatanna, raising her head slightly off the ground, bleeding from both nostrils.

ZATANNA (thinking): **Bad...Oh**, this is bad...Up, ~~little girl~~kiddo...Get **up**...

PANEL TWO

Yuki-Onna and Zach simultaneously bring their right hands down like tennis overhands, and another mystic bolt zaps Zatanna, sending her spasming once more.

SFX: KRAKKOOOMM

PANEL THREE

Close on Zatanna's eyes. One is swelled closed and purpled, a tear running out of its corner.

ZATANNA (thinking): If...If I get Zachary out of this...I'm sending him to **seminary**...End of story...

ZATANNA (thinking): Oh, **no**...

PANEL FOUR

Angle on Zach's expressionless face, eyes blank. His skin is bubbling.

ZATANNA (off-panel; thinking): ...She's **burning him out**...

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Zatanna staggers to one knee, bracing herself with a hand on the ground, raising her other in a gesture of surrender. Zach and Yuki-Onna are in our foreground.

ZATANNA (thinking): Gotta take one last chance, a **big** chance, that she doesn't fully understand our powers...

ZATANNA (thinking): ...or, rather, their **limits**...

ZATANNA: E-enough...Enough...

PANEL TWO

Zatanna stands, hunched in exhaustion, hair straggly, seemingly barely able to keep her feet. She gestures toward Zach, mystically suspended inches above the ground by Yuki-Onna's tendrils.

ZATANNA: ~~You are a **stealer of men's hearts**, Yuki-Onna...Now you have the tool to steal **mine**...I fought you with **honor**, Yuki-Onna, now all I ask is you do me a **final courtesy**...~~

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ZATANNA: ~~Please, **woman to woman**...Toy with me no longer...You will **still** gain my power, but let the **flesh of my flesh** lay me to rest...~~

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PANEL THREE

Close on Yuki-Onna's eyes, crinkled with her smile.

YUKI-ONNA: ~~Yesssssss...Yes...To be **murdered by your own**...**Courtesy for you, delicious for me**...~~

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PANEL FOUR

Pull back as she gestures, and Zach does too, mystic energy glowing around his hand.

ZACHARY: **Llup reh traeh hguorht reh tseh.**

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

Half-splash. What looks like a lightning storm crackles and explodes between Zatanna, Zach and Yuki-Onna (whose face is once more of the nightmare lamprey creature we saw earlier), engulfing them all, setting their hair on end. It looks painful.

SFX: KUL-KOOOOOOOMMM

PANEL TWO

Yuki-Onna lies on the ground, looking at us, her monstrous face starting to morph back into the beautiful woman.

YUKI-ONNA: ~~“W woman to woman” ...I should have **known** better...~~

~~YUKI-ONNA: I have not been a woman for **centuries**...L-Lies! **Lies and deceptions!**~~

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~~YUKI-ONNA: And you say you fought me with **honor**...~~

PANEL THREE

~~Same shot, same angle, only now Yuki-Onna's Looking past Zatanna's head at floor level as Yuki-Onna, once more in the shape, face is completely that of the woman, and she's fadingfades away, dissolving into mystic mist.~~

~~YUKI-ONNA (fading type): ...and **you**, Zatanna, with your **lies and deceptions**, are more like me than you know...~~

~~YUKI-ONNA (fading type): ...**far** more...ZATANNA (off-panel): This from the **spectral floozy** who's made an **eternal living** posing as a **bimbo** to prey on males.~~

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~~ZATANNA (off-panel): **Please**.~~

PAGE NINETEEN**PANEL ONE**

~~Zatanna and Zach both lie on the ruined dance floor, starting to recover. There's debris and the last trace of Yuki-Onna's mist.~~

ZATANNA (thinking): ~~What was **that** supposed to mean...?~~

ZACH: ~~<Groan...>~~

PANEL TWO

Medium on Zach, rising, hand to his forehead.

ZACH: I either had the **best** night of my life – **owww** -- or the **worst**...

PANEL THREETWO

On Zatanna, hair mussed, also rising, pointing at him, irked.

ZATANNA: You got turned into a **succubus' hand puppet** because, **once again**, you just jumped into a situation without caring about any **details** you might miss!

ZATANNA: The only reason you're not a **dried-up husk** is because Yuki-Onna didn't know our powers don't work on **living tissue**! You're lucky I –

GIRL (off-panel): Ex...Excuse me...?

PANEL THREEFOUR

Behind both of them as they turn to see the pretty girl the disco guys were hitting on when the club evacuated during the fire alarm. She looks questioningly at them.

GIRL: I think I left my **purse** here...? When we **evacuated**? But since there's **no** fire, I thought maybe...

PANEL FOU+IVE

~~Same shot, same angle.~~ Zach looks over his shoulder at Zatanna, who gapes back in shock and smiles roguishly.

ZACH: I'll take it from **here**, cuz. Thanks for the **help**, tonight.

ZACH: You're a **helluva** wingman.

ZATANNA: ...!

PANEL **FIVESIX**

Same shot, same angle, as Zatanna, sagging, watches Zach walk away with the girl, arm around her shoulder.

ZACH: Now, then...**Where** was the last place you saw your purse, you **poor** thing...?

ZATANNA: ...

ZATANNA (thinking): I hope she's **Mordru** in disguise. It'd serve him **right**. I suppose I better follow him... In case she's really... **Mordru**, or somebody. On the bright side, that's the only way my night could get any --

ZATANNA (thinking): God, I should **know** better by now - No more **double-bills** with Zach... He has all the **fun**, and I wind up taking all the --

DISCO GUY 1 (off-panel): Hey.

DISCO GUY 2 (off-panel): Hey.

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PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

Splash. Full body shot of Zatanna inside the wrecked club, hat off and held at her hip, her other hand covering her lowered face. The jacket-and-speedo guys stand suavely to each side of her, leering, unconcerned about how they look.

| ZATANNA (thinking): ...lumpsworse.

DISCO GUY 1: Get yer number?

DICO GUY 2: Get yer number?

CAPTION: CLOSING TIME.